



WICHITA DAILY EAGLE

Chickens' English Diamond Brand.
PENNYROYAL PILLS

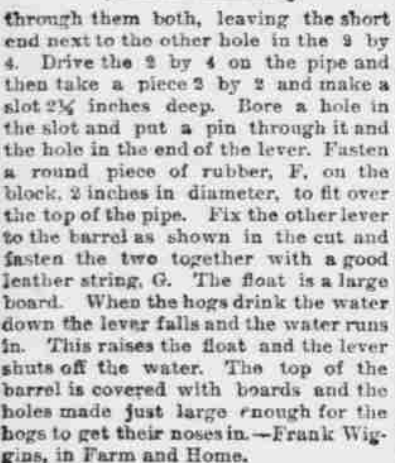
Original and Best. Sufferers from Indigestion, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Biliousness, Constipation, and all the ailments of the bowels, take these pills. They are sold by all druggists. Price, 10 cents per box. Sent by mail, 25 cents per box. Address: The National Dispensary, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FOR WATERING HOGS.

A Good Way of Running Water from a Tank or Well.

This is the plan of a home-made hog water which costs little or nothing. It is to run the water from a tank or artesian well. Take a strong barrel (a kerosene barrel is the best) and bore a hole below the middle. Then put a 1-inch gas pipe, A, into it, letting it project into the barrel about 5 inches. Put in an elbow and a piece of pipe 6 inches long, B. Take a piece of 2 by 4, C, 8 inches long and bore 2 1/2-inch holes 2 1/2 inches apart. In one insert a piece of 3 by 3, D, 5 inches long. In the top of this make a slot 1 1/2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide. Next take a stick 18 inches long, E, 1/2 inch thick and 1 inch wide. Bore two holes in this, one in the end and the other 2 1/2 inches back. Put this in the slot in the 2 by 4 piece. Bore a hole through this and put a pin



THE CARE OF BEES.

The Best Winter Protection Is to Keep the Hives in a Cellar.

The laws of nature are of universal application. Animals cannot live without a certain amount of heat, which is commonly called the vital heat. Hence, when an animal is exposed to unusual cold it must use a larger quantity of food. This applies all the same to mankind, to farm animals of all kinds and to insects. Those animals, as fish, however, which have cold blood, do not come in this category. And this fact, viz., that food is consumed to produce warmth, and that warmth is necessary to the life of an animal, is to be considered in the winter management of bees. Thus, when the bees are kept warm they will consume the least amount of food, and, as the food is a valuable and salable product, it follows that for the most profit in bee-keeping the bees must be kept as warm as may be consistent with healthfulness. There are many contrivances for this purpose. There are the chief hives, so made that a space around the hive is packed with straw, as a protection against the cold, or rather as a means of retaining the heat of the hive. Another means of protection is to pack the space around the hives in the covered stand with sheaves of straw. But the best method is to winter the bees in a cellar in which the temperature may be kept at such a point as will keep the bees comfortable without exciting them to action. Every motion of any animal is accompanied by an expenditure of heat, and to prevent this loss, which represents exactly so much money, the bees must be kept as near to a dormant state as may be and perfectly quiet. This even low temperature is most easily maintained in a suitable cellar. It must be dry, and this is exceedingly important for the health of the bees depends upon it. And another essential is that there must be ample ventilation. Small worms also must be excluded. The temperature should be not less than forty degrees and not more than fifty degrees.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

He Didn't Negotiate.

"What do you mean by coming around here now?" said the woman to the tramp who appeared at the kitchen door. "You haven't half finished that pile of wood I gave you to split."

"I know it, ma'am," was the reply; "but I came to see if you wouldn't cash these few chips in advance."—Judge.

Spooks.

Harry—I suppose you know that Jessie was born with a silver spoon in her mouth?

Jack—Yes; and I suspect that isn't the worst of it.

Harry—What do you suspect?

Jack—That it was an ice cream spoon.—Puck.

Effect and Cause.

Mrs. Trotter—Oh, Henry, do throw away that cigar. It is something awful. (After a pause.) Do you know that Mr. Barlow saves money for her husband by buying his cigars?

Trotter (grimly)—I thought as much.—This is a cigar that Barlow gave me.—

When Baby was Sick.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

THE FLAG THAT CHEERED.

Gibraltar rose dark and the sun's disc burned low. Like a far gate of Heaven with banners aglow, And red o'er the Pillars of Hercules blazed The Star of the Pillars of oil, as we gazed. And swift the bronze trembled, and deep boomed the gun. And the ships of the nations swept by, one by one. Then the flag of the Stars from the Western waves came. And passed in review by the old flags of fame. "Why are the ships shouting?" Our feet for the first time pressed on the flag of the Stars.

"The Flag of the Stars"—Which flag?

"—Of the West." The Cross of St. George Floated free o'er the main, The black German Eagles, The Lions of Spain, And the flags of all seas in the bright Straits appeared. But oh, 'twas my own flag The emigrants cheered!

The emigrant mothers their gladdened eyes raised, And memories of the past as they gazed. And their thin hands they waved toward the West. And greeted the flag of the new lands afar. Then the emigrant children laughed out with the rest. As their eyes caught the light of the flag of the West.

Laugh on, little ones, in your star-lighted way, To the Lakes of the States and the Georgian Bay. Round the flag of your birthright the sea birds are veering. 'Tis for you, not themselves, the old mothers are cheering.

The Red Cross of St. George Waves free o'er the main, The black German Eagles, The Lions of Spain, And the flags of all seas in the bright Straits appear. But oh, 'tis my own flag The children's hands cheer!

Young Romans were there, of the Eagles of old, Strong Charlemagne's sons, of the helmets of gold. The heroes of the world-making wars, Passed onward that hour in the night march of Stars. All thought of the friends to their bosoms most true. Of the hearts of the Old World that beat in the New. Of the world-weary struggles of peoples oppressed. Of the Kingdom of God in the Sun of the West.

The Cross of St. George Passed them by on the main, The dark German Eagles, The Lions of Spain, Off Trafalgar's waters The last flag appeared, But mine was the last flag That the emigrants cheered!

That scene at Gibraltar in mind fingers yet, That ere Andalusian what heart could forget. And where'er I may roam through the night-fall of years, My heart will echo the emigrant's cheer. Can the soldier forget the last roll of the drum?

Or the wanderer the song of his mother at home? Or the patriot the vision of duty sublime. As seen on the towers of the summit of Sinai? I still see the eagles That swept o'er the main, The lion banners Of England and Spain, The African starlight, The gray fortress crest, And the emigrants cheering Their flag of the West.

No voice of the bugle, no war-rolling drum, Disturbs the sweet peace of my roof-tree of rest. But the anthem of liberty gladdens the main, And the echoes of all walls waile the patriot's strain.

O flag of our land, hope's bow in the air, O'er my home let me lift thee, my altar of prayer! Many flags have the people that grand deeds done. But my own flag of faith is the pride of them all.

The Red Cross of England Waves free o'er the main, The black German Eagles, The Lions of Spain, But ever while stars, For all men's eyes appear, Our flag of all peoples The pilgrims will cheer.

—Hesekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.

Save by a Parrot Original



"I'll tell you a story, grand ma, please." "Yes, a story," several childish voices cried in chorus amid a general clapping of small hands.

Grandma Mabry lifted her head, and, looking through her spectacles at the eager young faces grouped about her, smiled good-naturedly.

"What children you are for stories!" she said, laughing. "Don't you ever get tired of listening while I prose over those old times when I was a child?"

"No, grandma; never, never!" replied Charlie Merrill, and his companions showed by their looks that he had spoken the sentiments of the entire company.

Grandma was quite silent for a little while as she carefully picked up the stitches of her knitting, and the little folks were silent, too, knowing from past experience that Grandma Mabry was "thinking out" a story for them.

Grandma's parents had moved to Kentucky when she was very young, and had settled up among the hills where the country was new and sparsely populated. She had witnessed much of the hardships and trials of pioneer life, and her fund of reminiscence was a source of the greatest delight to her little friends, who often spent evenings at her house.

"Well," said she, breaking the silence, "I remember an adventure I had one evening when I was returning home from school, and I reckon maybe I'd as well tell you about that as anything."

"There was a clapping of hands and a cry of 'Tell it, tell it!'"

"Well," began grandma, "in those days we didn't have fine brick school buildings convenient to our houses like you have now. Our schoolhouse was a small, rough log structure which the settlers built, and it was in a forest almost three miles from our home."

"We had no winter term, because the roads were so bad and the distance so great that the children could not attend there, and in the summer we only had three months' school, so you see one hadn't the best opportunities for getting education. But that has nothing to do with the story, I'm sure."

"I had a brother who was a year older than I, and we attended school together," grandma resumed after a

short pause. "There was no road between our home and the schoolhouse, but father had marked out a course for us by blazing trees at short intervals along the way. Then he accompanied us a few times, to and fro, until he thought we were sufficiently acquainted with the route to be trusted to go alone."

"In those days school kept very nearly all day, and before we reached home it was quite dark. Our way led through a deep, dark forest, and we were very much afraid as we trudged along in the silence and gloom; and every little noise, such as the rustling of leaves or the crackling of bushes, filled us with terror."

"It's no wonder we were afraid when we knew there were bears and panthers in the forest, and expected every day to be attacked by one of those ferocious beasts. I think you would be afraid under such circumstances."

Grandma looked around on her audience with a smile, which deepened a little as she noticed the serious countenances before her.

"Well," she continued, "I will come to my story now, and tell you about my adventure."

"One evening, as brother and I were going home through the forest, we heard a rustling and crackling among the trees up on the hillside above us, and pretty soon a large, black animal trotted into the road a few steps behind us. It was dark, and we could not see the creature very plainly, but I was confident it was a bear, and I was assured of it when it stopped and reared upon its haunches, and began sniffing the air."

"Were you scared, grandma?" Jim Martin asked, while the whole company involuntarily drew closer together.

"Yes, I was frightened almost out of my wits," grandma replied, "and so was my brother. That bear was not a pleasant looking object, I assure you, and I suspect older people than my brother and I would have been frightened by his appearance."

"It was more than a mile to our home, and there was no other house so near, so no matter how much we called, we could not hope to bring help."

"For a moment we remained staring at the bear, and he in turn stood fixedly returning our gaze. He showed no inclination to advance upon us so long as we showed no inclination to run away."

"When, however, we had sufficiently recovered from the shock caused by the bear's presence to beat a hasty retreat, he immediately gave chase and coming up with us followed closely in our tracks."

"You may believe we ran with all the speed we could command, and I don't believe my feet ever flew so rapidly before or since. At almost every step Isaac, my brother, sent up a deafening scream, while I gave vent to a series of hysterical shrieks, thinking all the time that every step would be my last."

"I don't know how far we ran before I thought to throw away the dinner bucket, but when I did think of it I dropped it at once. When bruin came up with the bucket he stopped, and scratching the cover off began to eat the portion of our dinner that was left. That gave us a little time and Isaac immediately availed himself of it to climb a tree with low-growing branches which stood near the road."

"Not knowing what else to do, I attempted to follow my brother's example, but I had never climbed trees, considering it a tom-boyish act that girls should never indulge in, and I failed in my efforts as often as I tried to ascend."

"Oh, Isaac, Isaac," I cried at last, "help me, quick!"

"I can't," he replied. "Climb up yourself. There he comes now. Climb, quick, or he'll get you."

"I glanced around, and sure enough there the bear was almost upon me. I made one quick, frantic effort to climb the tree, and, failing, took to flight. Bruin gave pursuit again, and for a little while there was a lively chase between us."

"I had not gone above thirty yards when I stumbled and fell. I supposed the bear would pounce upon me at once and proceed to tear the flesh from my bones, so I made no effort to rise, but lay perfectly still, thinking of those at home, and waiting for the end. I don't think I could have risen if I had tried, for I was terrorized out of the use of my limbs."

"Bruin came up and smelled over me, and I shut my eyes, but I felt his hot breath on my face, and though I shut him out of my sight I could not shut him out of my thoughts. He seemed to be in no hurry to devour me, for he continued to sniff me deliberately for some time, after which he rolled

himself over, then sniffed again for I should think, near a minute.

"That was the most critical period of my life, and I would not again pass through the sufferings I experienced then for all the wealth of the world. I wonder I did not die of fright, and I believe I should, had I not been half unconscious."

"The bear took my arm in his mouth, and I felt his sharp teeth close down on my flesh. The terror that had held me dumb vanished, and I gave vent to a shriek that must have waked the echoes through the forest. Instantly there was an answering cry that thrilled the blood in my veins and left me rigid and dumb again."

"The answering cry was that of a panther, and it came from a tree directly overhead. The cry had scarcely ceased, when, opening my eyes for an instant, I saw the panther spring from his perch and come down right toward me."

"I closed my eyes and waited. I could not be worse off than I was already. So far as I could see nothing but death lay before me."

"I waited, but not long. In an instant the panther had sprung to his prey. But he had not sprung on me. Bruin was between us and he received the assault."

"Immediately there succeeded a terrible fight between the two beasts. I was beneath them, still too terrified to attempt to rise, and they fought all over me. I was scratched and rolled about until I thought I should be killed before the fight ended."

"How long the battle waged I do not know, for before it was over I became unconscious. When I returned to consciousness again all was still and neither of the animals was in sight. Slowly my confidence came back and at last I ventured to sit up and look about me. What had become of the bear and the panther, I wondered, and how was it that I had escaped?"

"A little distance below me was a precipice, and crawling to the edge of it I looked down. The moon was shining brightly and I could see to the bottom, and there on a flat stone lay two dark objects which explained everything. The bear and the panther

had gone over the precipice and were dead."

"I had no reason to longer entertain my fears and in a little while I scrambled to my feet and called Isaac. After being assured that the dancer was passed Isaac descended from the tree and came to me. I explained everything to him, and when he looked down and saw the dead animals at the bottom of the precipice he was greatly relieved."

Father had become uneasy about us and came in search of us, and he found us just as we were preparing to leave the place. Of course he was greatly excited when he heard my story; and mother came near going into hysterics when she learned how narrowly I had escaped a terrible death."

"I never liked panthers, even though I was saved by one; and I can tell you, that after that occurrence, I never liked going to and from school along that dark, desolate road. Yet for years we did it, and singular as it may seem, we never saw another bear or panther; although once we heard a panther's cry, and he heard him lashing his tail against the trunk of a tree, which they do when preparing to spring."

For a little while after grandma ceased speaking no one spoke, but finally Charlie Merrill said: "I don't think your brother acted very brave, do you?"

"Well," replied grandma with a smile, "I didn't think so then, but I reckon it wasn't cowardice that made him leave me to take care of myself. I think, perhaps, almost any boy would have acted as he did, under the circumstances. I never thought Isaac was a coward after he went off in the army to fight Indians and sacrificed his life to save that of my husband. People said he was very brave then."

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Parting the Hair.

The foreman of one of the largest barber shops in New York is authority for the statement that the number of men who part their hair in the middle is increasing every day. The fashion has grown according to this expert in the matter of dressing hair, so rapidly that it would not be out of the way to say that fully one-half the men who formerly divided their once much-combed fashion are gradually getting around to it. "They begin," said the barber yesterday, "by parting the hair a little higher up on the head by degrees until they finally get it exactly in the center. I remember very well when it was a very rare thing for a man to part his hair directly over the nose, but all of the contempt and fun which such a proceeding evoked are now replaced by indifference as far as the public is concerned. Twenty years ago a gentleman who parted his hair in the middle courted disaster at the polls. Now no end of statesmen, prominent and otherwise, wear their hair in a dandified fashion and it does not even call forth a remark. The only thing that the rank and file strenuously and positively object to is a masculine bang. They won't have that at any price."—National Barber.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze.

Angeline—Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so to-night that I almost cried.

Mamma—What, my child, from pain?

Angeline—No, mamma, from joy.—Texas Siftings.

The Annual Joke.

"Where are you going, my pretty, fair maid?" "I'm going to Sunday school, sir," she said.

"You're late for the lesson, my pretty, it's said."

"I'm in time for my Christmas tree present," she said.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

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THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Parting the Hair.

The foreman of one of the largest barber shops in New York is authority for the statement that the number of men who part their hair in the middle is increasing every day. The fashion has grown according to this expert in the matter of dressing hair, so rapidly that it would not be out of the way to say that fully one-half the men who formerly divided their once much-combed fashion are gradually getting around to it. "They begin," said the barber yesterday, "by parting the hair a little higher up on the head by degrees until they finally get it exactly in the center. I remember very well when it was a very rare thing for a man to part his hair directly over the nose, but all of the contempt and fun which such a proceeding evoked are now replaced by indifference as far as the public is concerned. Twenty years ago a gentleman who parted his hair in the middle courted disaster at the polls. Now no end of statesmen, prominent and otherwise, wear their hair in a dandified fashion and it does not even call forth a remark. The only thing that the rank and file strenuously and positively object to is a masculine bang. They won't have that at any price."—National Barber.

For a little while after grandma ceased speaking no one spoke, but finally Charlie Merrill said: "I don't think your brother acted very brave, do you?"

"Well," replied grandma with a smile, "I didn't think so then, but I reckon it wasn't cowardice that made him leave me to take care of myself. I think, perhaps, almost any boy would have acted as he did, under the circumstances. I never thought Isaac was a coward after he went off in the army to fight Indians and sacrificed his life to save that of my husband. People said he was very brave then."

Charlie Merrill regretted that he had misjudged Isaac, and all the young people entertained a better opinion of Grandma